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SPREE

SPINE-CHILLING ADVENTURE:
I PLOTTED HITLER'S MURDER
(an exclusive eye-witness account!)

SHOCKING EXPOSE:
The New Boom in White Slavery

PLUS:
A TANTALIZING BEVY OF BUXOMT BABES

NEW: SENSATIONAL GIANT PIN-UP FOLDOUT IN FULL COLOR

DARING FICTION

SPICY HUMOR

Every once in a while, the editors of SPREE suddenly find that the material selected for an issue falls into a neatly packaged category, like a heavy foreign interest issue or something singularly worth talking about, like a particularly sexy set of girls. Well this month we have such a variety that we were almost tempted to call the presentation spice.

First, George Smith retells the eye-witness account of Hitler's Death Plot, a gripping bit of history right from one of the guys who barely escaped with his life.

Meanwhile, back to the spice of life, we have not overlooked SPREE's gals. Blondes, brunettes, and pert redheads spark the old libido engines in this issue.

Want still more action? The fiction department offers a frightening ride, after a particularly passionate bed scene. And Sam Alberts portrays what happens to two young lovers on a lustful, shattering 'Double Date'.

Enough? Oh, no! There's a nostalgic piece on a now closed burlesque house, a bare-facts bit with a few words and a lot of just plain bare-busted babes.

We're especially pleased with this issue of SPREE. Agree? Disagree?

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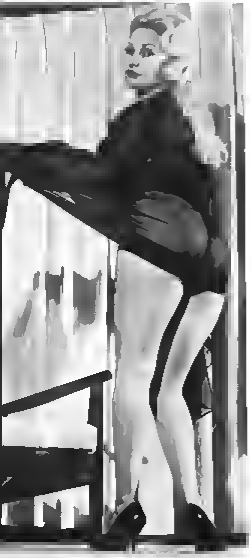
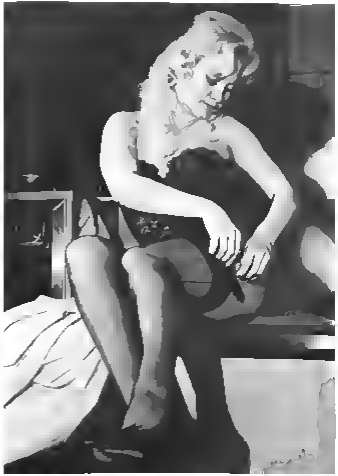
PREFERRED: BARBARA DEE

ALL THE TALENTS THAT BARBARA BARES ARE WHAT ALL PRETTY GALS HAVE—BUT THEN SOME GIRLS ARE MORE EQUAL THAN OTHERS!

BLONDE ATOP AS THE STRAW IN THE FIELD, THIS WINNING LASS IS EASY ON THE EYES!





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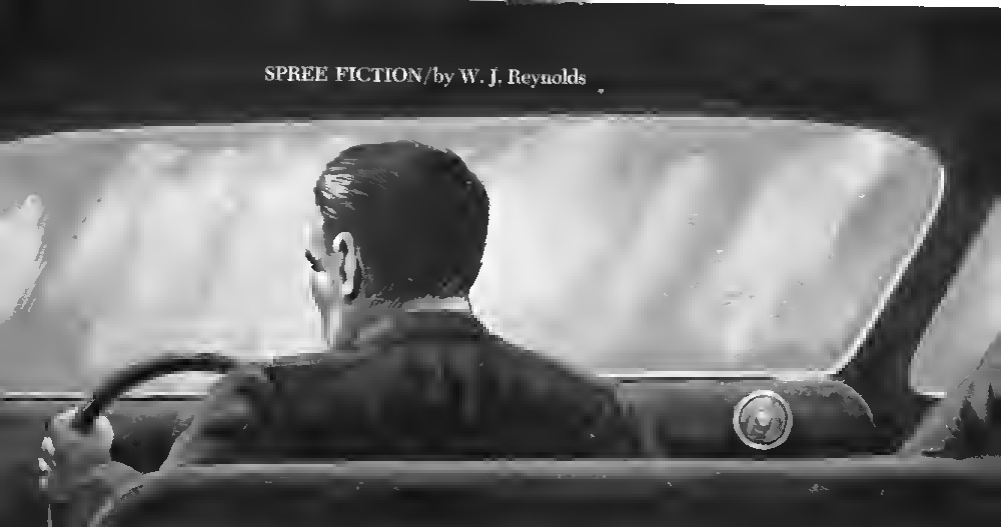


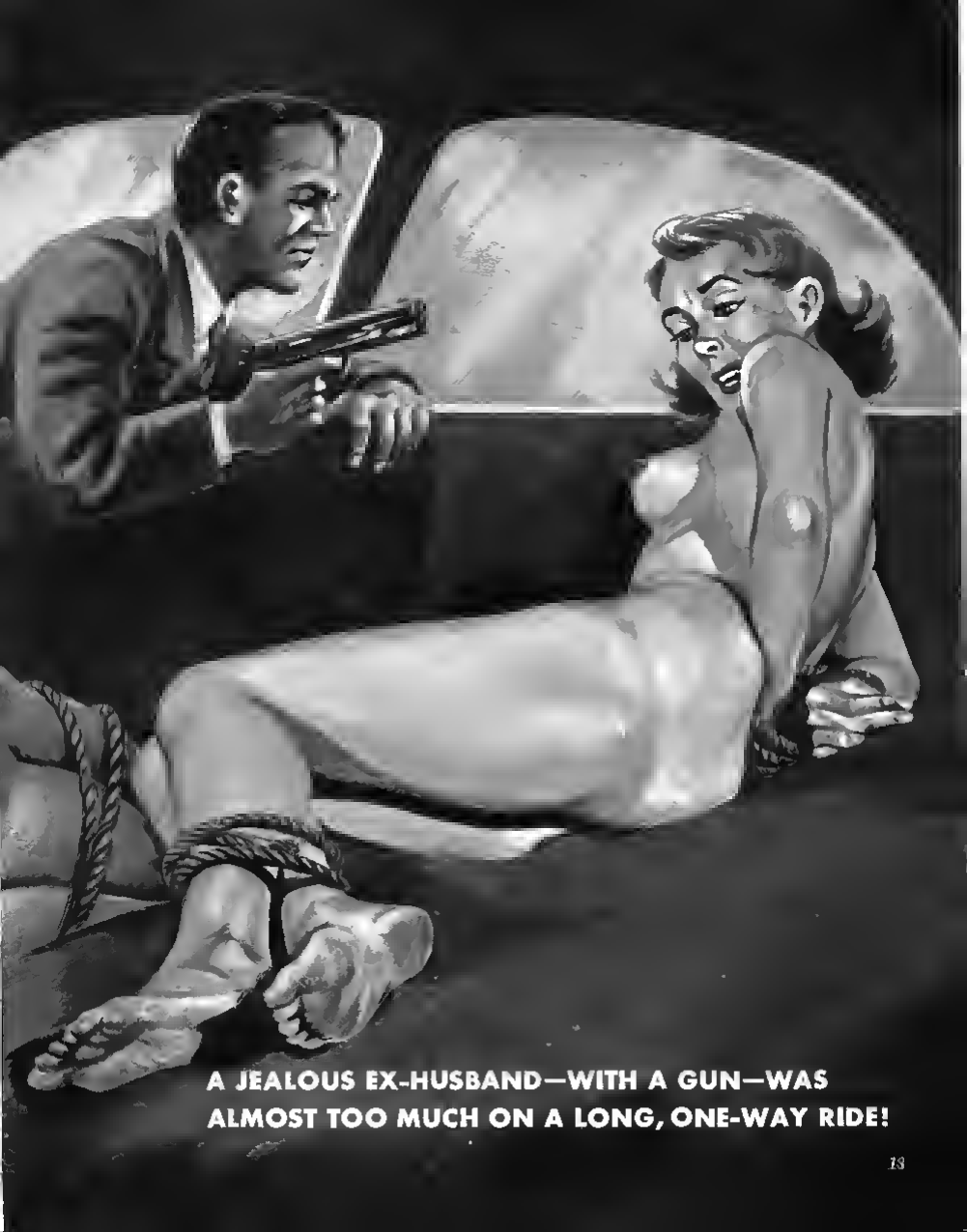
DRIVE INTO TERROR!

Lew Manning sipped his drink, listening to the sounds of Betty in the shower. Lew was thirty-two, a bachelor, and he'd been around. He didn't need to be hit over the head to get a point. Betty Nunn hadn't brought him here to discuss a car sale as she had pretended at noon. Whatever her real purpose, right now she was preparing for some cuddling.

Lew grinned in anticipation. To hell with the car sale, any an idiot would object to cuddling with Betty. He felt the tightening tingle in his groin that he had felt this noon when he saw Betty ankling toward him with Gregory, the boss. In the belted black dress she was a sex symbol with exotic drum beats.

Her auburn hair was cut short, she had a perky nose and sensual red

(Continued on next page)


A JEALOUS EX-HUSBAND—WITH A GUN—WAS
ALMOST TOO MUCH ON A LONG, ONE-WAY RIDE!

DRIVE INTO TERROR!

(Continued from previous page)

hps and smoke blue eyes She had smiled at Lew slowly, like she had known him forever, and they shared intimate secrets

'Miss Nimn may I present Lew Barker our top salesman Lew will treat you right ' Gregory smirked in the manner of bosses sensing a quick profitable sale

'I hope so, Mr Gregory" Betty smiled again at Lew, and Lew felt his metabolism doing handsprings She held out her hand and Lew took it Her clasp was clinging, warm, and Lew's breath seemed cut off at his throat "Call me Betty, Lew

'Hello Betty"

She'd given the cars a cursory glance pointed at a red convertible 'Could you bring that one to my place after work, Lew? I just don't have time right now'

'Certainly, Betty" Right then he'd have agreed to take off to the moon with her

When he arrived at her apartment at six, she opened the door a terry cloth robe tightly around her curves 'Come in, Lew Mix yourself a drink, I'm showering I'll be right with you Make me one bourbon with a touch of water" She gave him her slow, beautiful smile and slanted the smoke blue eyes at him We can talk about the sale in a moment

To hell with the sale, he thought watching the bathroom door

Betty came out Lew could hardly stifle the whistle of appreciation, he didn't try to soften his admiration She had on a pair of skin tight slacks a nylon blouse Her breasts thrust at the filmy material the visible nipples pointing soggestively at Lew She was smiling

She turned on a hidden hi fi, adjusted the volume, then walked straight to Lew She clasped her hands behind his neck, smoke eyes crinkling, red lips moist and lovely "You know of course that I don't give a hang for the car don't you Lew?"

"My thought exactly" Lew said sitting his drink down and letting his arms slide around her

She came against him the warm curves fitting suggestively against him Her subtle perfume must have been mixed by a phallic expert She stirred against him and Lew shook of his happy daze Hell he was acting like a schoolboy He kissed her, and her lips were clinging responsive his flesh tingled where the pointed breasts flattened against his chest Her hands were around him under her coat, running up and down his lean back

Her hands came up to run down the sleeves of his coat and he had only to release her a moment to let the coat fall Her breasts were heaving as she undid his tie, her eyes were dark, lips heavy His shirt followed the tie then she was pressing against his bare chest, squirming, panting

Lew picked her up in his arms Her arms went tight around his neck, lips glued to his He kicked open the bedroom door deposited her on the bed He undid the blouse slid it off and then peeled off the slacks The curvy body was perfect white, inviting She lay watching him with wide eyes her lips parted breathing fast She welcomed him into the bed and made small sounds of pleasure as he explored the sleek curves with caressing hands, kissed the nipples that hardened under his touch She writhed with anticipated pleasure

'Lew, Lew" she moaned

Then her writhing was violent motion to meet each rythym until her muffled scream of release burst eagerly with his own gasps

They lay together, Lew caressing her, she smiling with happy eyes She said, "I saw you at the car lot a week ago Lew I haven't been able to think of anything else since I flipped I knew you were my man the man I wanted I checked to see if you were a bachelor I'm not a home wreaker Do you mind darling?"

'Mind? What do you think? You're a sweetheart

She hesitated ' There's a man, Lew My ex husband I flew to Reno and divorced him Bert's mean, and he's got the idea that I ran out on him That he can't stand It was over between us, we agreed but Bert's funny, he's nuts

"We won't worry about him Lew said "Honey I wouldn't give you up for ten Berts '

She snuggled against him "I love you Lew, you're wonderful I just knew you would be I'll get you a key Use it often, huh?'

'Every day— —

The bedroom door suddenly slapped open two men walked inside

Betty stifled a scream, grabbing for the light bed cover Lew sat up 'What the hell is this?'

"Now isn't this cozy Fats, the lean man said his dark eyes flaring wild "Just what you'd expect of a bitch like her"

"Yeh real cozy Bert' Fats said his little eyes avidly devouring Betty's naked body He licked loose fat lips

"Get out Bert, Betty said anger in her voice, 'and take your fat goon with you Leave me alone I'm not your wife anymore"

"I'll leave you alone" Bert said, voice savage after today, I sure will but you won't be enjoying it I guarantee it"

'Yeh we guarantee it" Fats said "Fats"

Fats suddenly had a flat automatic in his fat hand He shifted it to his left and took a sap from his pocket He advanced on the bed "Get up lover boy" His voice thickened his eyes gleaming "Up, lover boy, I got a little present from Bert here, all for you" He showed every indication of getting a charge out of the presentation

'What the hell is wrong with you two bums?" Lew said swinging off the bed "Are you gone ape?"

'Lew!" Betty cried "Look out Lew that fat slob will enjoy beating you to death!"

Fats was grinning Bert said, 'I told you, I'd let you know if I wanted a divorce, you hitch Now I'm gonna show you nobody, no dame runs out on Bert Calvert"

Betty was badly frightened, she seemed to know what to expect but she tried to keep her voice even, the way you'd try to keep from panicking a dangerous moron "Bert we agreed it was over You did"

"I said I'd think it over But you couldn't wait, now I am to show you what happens to dizzy dames who run out on me, and lover boys too"

Lew realized that Betty's panic was not without reason both these

bastards were crazy He suddenly hatted the gun in Fats hand then sank his other fist in the fat man's gut

Fats wheezed, barely shaken then sapped Lew He didn't sap him hard enough to knock him out Then as Lew tried to recover to defend himself Fats proceeded to work him over expertly Lew staggered about the room nearly blind, head roaring dimly hearing Betty's screams, her begging to make Fats stop

Then Betty's screams suddenly stopped, and dazedly Lew saw her on the floor, Bert standing over her Bert kicked her savagely in the ribs Lew swung wildly, felt his fist connect then his head seemed to explode in a pinwheel of sparks He didn't even know when he hit the carpet

Lew came to, aware of motion and after awhile he knew he was lying on the floor of an automobile It was dark but in the dim glow of the dashlights he could make out Betty struggling, hoisting herself onto the seat from a position on the floor She had hard going of it with her hands and feet bound She was stark naked There were blankets on the floor, and Lew assumed that both he and Betty had been merely rolled in a blanket when carried from the apartment Lew found that his feet and wrists were bound also

He struggled with the bonds, found it to be some soft material, probably one of Betty's slips or a pair of nylons Betty was panting, having made the seat, and looking down at Lew Lew nudged her ankles that were against his She nudged back

"For God's sake!" Betty cried at Bert and Fats in front "You sadistic bums give Lew a break He'll smother on the floorboards and in those damned blankets"

'Let him" Bert snarled back

Fats turned partly around, staring at Betty's nakedness and Lew could almost feel her shrink "You hope he's still alive, doll You'll want company in that mine shaft The rats are as big as cats Think of all the fun you and this bum can have fighting them rats off" He gave a wheezing laugh

"You rotten sons of bitches!" Betty screamed, and both Bert and Fats laughed at the terror in her voice

'I aim to make it more interesting for you,' Bert said "I aim to work you over personally you two-timing bitch I aim to make a beefsteak of that face so the rats will be happier!"

"That's the turn off ahead there Bert ' Fats said "The mine's another half mile Nobody'll find them for years'

Lew's head scooted against the door as the car made an abrupt left turn then went humping over a washed out dirt road Lew hurt all over from Fats expert sapping, and his head was a roar of pain but desperation gave him energy and strength to fight his bonds

He worked at his hand bonds savagely but with a minimum of movement He thought he was fairly safe with the bucking car on the rough road The nylon was tight but soft, and Lew eventually felt his hand slip then he was free A surge of hope was added to the savage fury that boiled inside him Just a fair chance with those sadists was all he asked

Right there Bert" Fats said "Behind that clump of brush and rock"

The big car slowed to a crawl, and Lew knew it was now or never while Bert was still occupied with driving Lew abruptly came to his knees Fats caught a glimpse of him, shouted grabbing for his gun

Lew caught his hair and a fat handful of jaw, and hauled Fats savagely backward, bending his head and neck over the seat back Fats had his gun out, and Lew caught the arm brought it down against the seat with all his strength He heard the elbow

Fats screamed as Lew struck him on the throat with the edge of his hand Bert braked the car the sudden stop catapulting Lew partly over the front seat Bert was swinging his own gun awkwardly, for a shot Lew heaved Fats up and shoved him at Bert

The muffled explosions mingled with Fats throat constricted wheeze of fear Betty hurled her body at Bert further hindering him until Lew could grab his gun arm, twist it savagely Bert screamed, dropping the gun Lew hit Bert in the face with his fist then kept at it until Bert was beaten senseless

"Lew!" Betty was screaming Lew don't kill him!"

Lew sank back panting then fumbled at Betty's bonds She threw her arms around him the moment she was free "Lew, darling Oh Lew!"

Lew was getting his breath back, and he held her lush body close against his liking the feel of her knowing that he was going to be seeing a very great deal of this lovely woman

'Your poor face she was murmuring, caressing it gently, kissing him "I could kill them!"

Lew kissed her Just lumps, honey, they'll go down We were lucky Now we got to get this mess of psychotics back to the law' He leaned over, listening to Fats' wheezing breath, seeing the blood on his clothes "Fats is still alive but he's got a couple of Bert's slugs in him I think we won't have to worry about these two any more'

They turned Fats and Bert over to the first sub station deputy sheriff had their stories checked out and verified by a badly frightened and seriously wounded Fats

"He yapped his head off the deputy told Lew and Betty "He thought we weren't calling a doctor just because he couldn't hear the ambulance coming I'd say you two were very lucky people"

After signing a statement and giving their addresses they were allowed to go If Fats dies it'll be murder," Lew said "and even if he don't with their records they'll be soaked away for a long time"

Back in her apartment Betty fussed over Lew's cuts and bruises, clucking and kissing him until Lew had to laugh, his hands busy hindering her ministrations

"For a heat up man," she scolded him, 'you've got busy hands Am I going to have to stop doctoring you and take some of the octopus out of you?"

He held her against him and kissed her "How?" he asked with assumed innocence

She pressed closer "Do I have to tell you or show you?"

He slipped the blouse she had donned "Show me." he said kissing the erect breasts

"Lew!" she gasped 'The bedroom ——'

"Too far' Lew said as they slid to the carpet locked in tight embrace

With Betty any place was wonderful

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NEW GIRL

IN TOWN!!

There's a new girl in town, the caller said, and I'm taking pictures of her right now. Would SPREE like to see the results?

Ever on the look out for that fresh, clean, wholesome look in womanhood for its readers, SPREE's staff shouted a firm affirmative to the caller. Then, busy with putting together a magazine, the staff settled back into its routine—interviewing beautiful women who throw themselves at the editors' feet whenever we go out for a short drink—

The urgent call was forgotten. And we do mean forgotten for the day passed, the week, and finally we figured it was just a crank call.

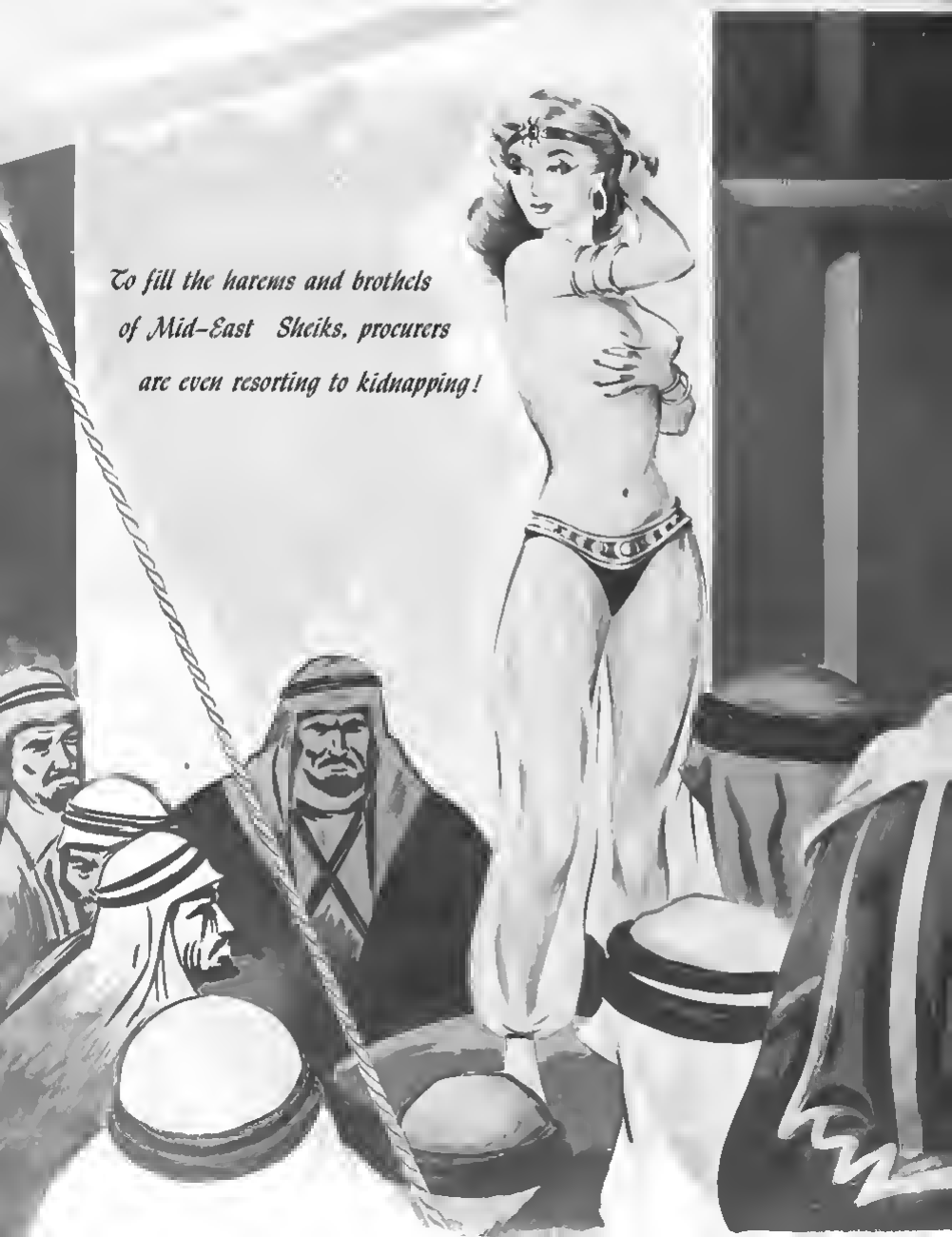
Then, six months to the day, we got another call. Same voice, same story. Not to be frustrated in its constant search for new talent, nor disappointed, we traced the call. Kind phone company gave us name, address. Hap-

ping into the station wagon, we raced over. Sure enough, there was a new girl in town.

In a five-day interview, we managed to find out that her name is Connie Hudson, no relation to the river in New York City nor to the once famous automobile. But that's about all. Oh, yes, the pictures here are of Connie. Should we ask her more about herself? Let us know. We're confused.

SHE'S A LITTLE SHY, OUR CONNIE, BUT HER BODY SPEAKS A LANGUAGE ALL ITS OWN!

CONFUSED EDITORS DIDN'T KNOW WHETHER TO SHOW THE READERS CONNIE OR NOT.


To fill the harems and brothels
of Mid-East Sheiks, procurers
are even resorting to kidnapping!

SPREE EXPOSE
by Cyrus W. Bell

THE NEW BOOM IN WHITE SLAVERY

The girl hurrying down the deserted Bari street doesn't notice the Fiat 1800 parked at the end of the alley. She is young and magnificently built, her summer dress clinging provocatively to a beautifully strapping figure that is erotic in its tight emphasis. Suddenly two brawny men explode from the car. One jams a chloroform damp hanky onto the girl's face while the other iron-grips her arms until her struggling stops. As she falls limp like an empty flour sack, the men stuff her into the back seat of the auto. Moments later the souped-up kidnap car races towards the town of Brindisi snuggled against the tangled maze of docks along the Adriatic waterfront. No one ever sees or hears of the girl after that.

Not long ago, in another part of the Mediterranean, in one of Athen's second-run movie houses, 18-year-old Ileana Papas, a gorgeous brunette of eye-popping proportions, is watching the film, *Ben Hur*. Quietly an usher approaches her, taps her on the shoulder and summons her to the telephone in the manager's office.

"Ileana," the voice on the phone says, "rush home as quickly as possible. Your mother is in the hospital after a bad accident. The doctor says she may die in a matter of minutes. Hurry! Take the first cab you see!"

The startled girl utters a cry and rushes out through the lobby. Outside near the marquee an empty taxicab waits. Hurriedly she boards it with her eyes in tears, and it speeds off. That is the last anyone in Greece ever

(Continued on page 44)

GOODBYE, MISS BUMP-AND-GRIND

SPREE REVERIE/by pete kevin

It's no secret that the bump and grind of a fabulous burlesque is part of the history of shaw biz. But once in a while in that doffy, but olmost stickily sentimental town, known in filmlond os Hollywood, the ort of tease, the oct of the clothed wench who sheds for sheckles is revived.

...for now!

Geo. L

Burlesque is dead! We've read its obits everywhere. But fondly we remember...and await your return!

A little more than a year ago, a swinging type, jumping cocktail parlor opened along the Appian Way of the movie empire, Hollywood Boulevard, and began with a host of bee-you-ti-full gals (20 count 'em 20) who took the mournful throb of the snore drum os siren coll to passion, reviving the good, old-fashioned strip

The name wos, of course, in keeping with the highest traditions of the peeling palaces of old. A catchy name in tune, albeit a bumby one, with the beat of its generation: *Stripville*.

Leatarded waitresses pushed drinks from service bar to customer at prices a bit too high, but not extrovagant, and shook o provocative hip here and there to add to the gaiety that once was a strip joint's *raison d'etre*. When the lights faded on the last number, one could at least retain the spell of fascinating femininity by ordering another round. Smiles abounded as the bar tab rose

But that's just whot every guy ever wanted, a sweet,

promising-nothing, but provocative smile, darling, and then I can face my wife again. In the meantime, after a short pause for the best cause, the show banged open once more, to the thump-thump of the snare and a blare or two of a not-so-golden horn. Parted came the stage curtain, and there she was. Who? It didn't matter what name she had, as long as she was a doll who danced and shed the glitter of a phony gown to the smooth, firm flesh of her natural endowments. And at Stripville, such stellar sensations as Barbara Halden, Lisa Drake, and Tawnee Leia exposed the skin every

guy would hove loved to touch—well at least oll the way down to her G-string and zircon pasties.

The lure that once made such grand palais de femmes world renowned ore no more. What has replaced them, ond by no means get the idea thàt strip jaints are dead, is a far cry from the splendor of ald. Towdry is obout the kindest thing you can say abaut these madern jaints. Even the term *jaints* seems a bit toa crude—until yau actually walk into ane cold sober.

Be that as it may! Times and man change. Our horses and carriages are stowed in museums. What bare flesh we once admired across a smoky room to the haunting thump of a drum, we can enjoy in stereophanic sound and glarious technicolor at almost anything but a Disney movie. And, thank good old libido-loving entrepreneurs, at "joints" like the late—and much lamented—Stripville.

ANGELA OUR OWN RAVISHING BEAUTY

Angela Webster, the lovely, lissome lass who graces our front cover and the fabulous new fold-out centerspread this month, is known around Hollywood as the quiet one. But it is not, as you might imagine from the old cliches, because she is beautiful and dumb. Far from it. As a matter of fact, our curvy cover girl is magna cum laude, and that, buddy, means she is mucho in the mind department.

Born in one of the select suburbs of tinsel-town, Angela went to school with hardly a murmur, so shy was

our gal in her not-so-long-ago-youth

After breezing through the headier courses of anthropological psychology, advanced math, and political science, she was offered a top job with the State Department, but, good little girl that she is, she took her father's advice. That is, she refused the job because her father is a member of the opposition party. Other job offers flew to her, including a choice position as a lecturer in her chosen field, but, still and the ever the shy one, she had to let that go by.

For a gal as sveltely sweet as Angela, however, career opportunities don't ever stop knocking. It happened one day that staff SPREE cameraman, Sulli, saw her, talked to her, and made the proposition that she try out for the magazine's featured spot as the first beauty to fill the new giant centerfold.

Flattered, but still shy, Angela agreed.

And we're sure that you'll agree that Angela fills the pages with the most, and as far as we're concerned she doesn't have to say a thing.

"Hasn't anyone told you that its ruda tu read over someone's shoulder?"

WHITE SLAVERY

(Continued from page 22)

sees of Ileana Papas To all intents and purposes she has vanished from the face of the earth

In Marseilles a few months ago two young girls—Renee Toussan 17 and Micheline Santilli 16—are having the Cinderella time of their lives at a church dance not far from the waterfront But when the last number of the evening has been played neither Renee nor Micheline is anywhere to be found In fact the French police are still searching

The disappearance of these teenage women—the girl in Bari the one in Athens and the two from Marseilles—is typical of the latest kind of 'kidnaping that has been spreading across Europe in the last year or so Frustrated Italian Carabinieri, French Gendarmes and Greek detectives are facing a new wrinkle in the time worn practice of recruiting sex slaves

As I write this here in Rome a slimy crew of producer-agents have been knocking down fat commissions by quietly abducting European teenagers right off the streets—*often in full daylight!*—to fill Moslem harems in the Middle East So far the victims have been college coeds, salesgirls typists and even home makers They have been sold to oil-rich Arabs as harem slaves for prices which range up to $3,000 and which depend on her vital statistics, her age weight and color of hair

Since the petroleum boom in Araby has has given rise to a privileged class of men who are preposterously wealthy, even by American standards the affluent princes and monied merchants of Saudi Arabia and the Yemen are currently stocking their slave-pens with the most desirable harem fodder on the continent, no matter what the cost This new gimmick however supplements the already known traffic of sex slaves involving native girls from Africa who are being smuggled into Arab villages and sold in the marketplace as concubines

Apparently the Allah-sent oil has changed the sex tastes of many sheiks because they now want—and are eager to pay dearly for—streamlined maidens from Europe whose skin is light and whose hair is blonde The demand for French and Italian slaves is so great that the C O D price for a well-stacked Roman cutie or a ripened Gallic made moiselle has pushed the procuring racket to new depths Kidnaping teenage lovelies off the sidewalks of Marseilles or Milan is now turning into a business that already runs close to a million dollars a month

With demand greater than supply, the well-heeled sheiks are pouring talent scouts into the Mediterranean real estate up north from Palermo to Pisa to Paris Some of the harem emissaries use bribes or blackmail Failing that brutality is used to get the girls across the balmy waters to Cairo where they are swiftly picked up and freighted deeper into the trackless burning deserts of "Oildorado

During my investigation in Athens police officials admitted that although they knew what was happening to these unfortunate girls they were powerless to do anything about the situation They reported they had made an official appeal to Interpol—the International Police Organization—for help but to no avail so far

"A large number of our young women have been abducted or tricked into white slavery," Capt Adamantios Argarapias of the Athens Police Department said, "but we cannot trace them beyond our own borders without the help of Interpol and other law enforcement agencies We know for sure that the White Slavers are getting as high as $3 000 for females they deliver unharmed to agents in Beirut or Port Said"

Capt Argarapias told us that the White Slave rings try to get as many girls as possible without resorting to force Greek women of dubious morals are offered handsome sums of money to work as "entertainers" in the Middle East So quite a number of women have left their native shores voluntarily only to find that they have been hoodwinked into brothels

Still another favorite dodge of the procurers is to entice girls aboard coastal vessels in various harbors There they are drugged and kept in a semi-stupor until the ship's "quota" has been filled and can set sail for some unknown destination The Italian Coast Guard working the Adriatic Sea has nabbed a few of these V vessels with their strange cargo

The last such case which took place a short while ago brought on the arrest and conviction of a captain, his first mate and two sailors who were given 20 years of hard labor Their boat—a 2,100-ton Bulgarian tramp flying the Yugoslavian flag—was boarded by Italy's Guardacoste sailors from stem to stern Below a lower deck cabin floor under boards that had been nailed down with four inch spikes, the search team found five ankle-cuffed Italian girls ranging in age from 17 to 20 The skipper of the boat almost fooled the boarding party when the papers in his possession showed he was on his way to Alexandria to deliver sewing machines and pick up a cargo of dates and figs

Such attempts at outright kidnaping usually work in dandy fashion however The other approach the so-called soft-soap routine works beautifully many times Other times pfft! Take the bumbled attempt to recruit two English contour queens which earned them a wad of tabloidesque publicity in the London press not long ago

In Beirut at the "Colorado" nightclub a well-dressed handsome Arab made a pitch at two cabaret entertainers ages 19 during the Middle East The Moslem minced no words as he told lovely Patricia and Sheila Kelly sisters from Derby, England, that they had the kind of figures big shot sheiks would pay thousands of pounds to have in their harems for a reasonable stretch He guaranteed the blue eyed twins they could return to their troupe in 60 days—with a tidy fortune in their bank accounts for services rendered

This disgusting procurer actually promised he would personally get us admitted to a royal harem instead of one owned by a merchant or businessman Pat Kelly told the London Sunday Dispatch later He even offered to place on immediate deposit a staggering sum of money that would have taken us three years to earn as dancers Naturally we were both nauseated, and we showed this abominable character how awfully mad we were at the crude proposition We alerted the Beirut police after we shooed him away but he never showed up after that to try again"

Another entertainer—belly-dancer and striptease Elaine Dana a French beauty who married a young Sheik and lived with him in Saudi Arabia before escaping to the West—reported to this correspondent that she personally knew of several European girls who were trapped in harems as prisoners

"The Arab man looks upon a woman of his own race who sells her body as an object of contempt" Elaine told us between shows in a Milan nightclub 'Therefore a woman from Europe is highly desirable She's a novelty for which a rich Arab is willing to pay a very high price Every well to-do Arab considers himself fortunate if he can possess a white-skinned woman or a blonde—the younger the better!"

First word of the slave scandal reached this reporter from Mme Legrand Falco president of the French Women's League Against White Slavery, which in a few short months already has a file of cases that would knock your eye out Madame Legrand-Falco reported

I PLOTTED HITLER'S

MURDER !

SPREE TRUE FACT ARTICLE/

by Lt Karl Kray former Luftwaffe pilot, as told to george h smith

The tall man in the uniform of a colonel of the General Staff who came aboard my plane at Berlin's Rangsdorf Air Field on the morning of July 20, 1944 was handsome and dignified in spite of the patch that hid his left eye I noticed too that he possessed only one hand and that the other had only three fingers The wounds, I knew, were the result of a land mine explosion in the North African fighting

"Colonel Count von Stauffenberg, this is my pilot, Lieutenant Karl Kray," my commander, General Eduard Wagner Quartermaster General of the German Army, introduced us "Lieutenant Kray is one of us and can be trusted, Colonel!"

General Wagner did not mean by this that I was simply one of the Prussian officer class to which he and the colonel belonged He meant that I was part of the same plot in which he and the Colonel were leaders, the plot to do away with Adolf Hitler, the greatest monster of modern times

The Colonel extended his artificial hand for me to shake and the warmth of his smile more than made up for the coldness of the hand

"You are to fly us to Rastenburg then," he said

"Yes sir," I said "I'm to fly you to the Wolf's Lair and back again I hope, sir"

"Whether you fly us back is in the hands of God," the Colonel said as I shook hands with his adjutant, Lieutenant Werner von Haeften "It doesn't matter as much as making sure that the Wolf himself is no more"

The flight to Rastenburg took approximately three hours, and shortly after we took off I let my co-pilot take over the controls of the big Junkers plane as we headed over the flat, low-lying farmlands of northern Germany toward East Prussia and the Wolf's Lair of Adolf Hitler

The Colonel and Lieutenant von Haeften had an open brief case between them on the table when I entered the passenger compartment They looked up startled and von Haeften started to cover up something that lay on the table with the papers

"Never mind that," the Colonel said "There's no reason why the Lieutenant shouldn't see our little present for the Fuehrer"

He picked up a small slab of plastic-like substance "This, Lieutenant, is a piece of hexite a very powerful and very useful explosive supplied to us by the courtesy of the RAF

"You mean that we are working with the British?" I asked surprised I had been sure that the plot against Hitler was a purely German affair

"No, not that we know of," the Colonel laughed "But they drop hexite all over Europe for the use of their saboteurs, and a lot of it

(Continued on Next Page)

"Gentlemen, this bottle of Cognac holds the secret of the world's release from the maniac, Hitler!"

HITLER'S MURDER

(Continued from previous page)

falls into the hands of our Counter Intelligence Service which as you know, is one of our centers of strength against Hitler. Our people there see that we get it because it is the most useful kind of explosive we've been able to discover."

"Why is that, sir?" I asked examining the material gingerly.

"Because he said squeezing it between two of his three fingers "it is like putty and can be molded into any shape desired."

Even to the shape of a brandy bottle," Lieutenant von Haeften grinned.

"I don't think I understand," I said slowly.

"Then you haven't heard about how General Tresckow and Lieutenant Fabian von Schlabrendorff tried to do back in 1943 what we're going to do today?"

"No, I haven't," I said. "I was serving in Italy at the time."

"They molded some hexite into the shape of two brandy bottles and then lured Hitler to the General's Headquarters at Smolensk on the Russian Front on the pretense of having a conference. When der Fuehrer's plane left, they asked a member of his staff to carry the brandy to a mutual friend. Unfortunately for Germany and the world the trigger mechanism failed and the monster still lives. But for no longer than today, we hope."

"Then all is ready? Our friends in Berlin are ready to seize control?" I asked excitedly, thinking how much I despised the little ex-Corporal.

"When the bomb which I will carry into the Fuehrer's conference room in my brief case goes off, General Fellgiebel, Chief Signal Officer of the Army will see that all communications are cut. Our friends in Berlin will then announce over the radio that Hitler is dead and that the Army is setting up a provisional government and is ending the war. The Guard Battalion of Berlin will surround the General Staff Building to prevent the Nazis from taking counter measures and Goebbels and the others will be arrested," the Colonel explained.

"And if Hitler isn't killed?"

"Then we ourselves will die," the Colonel said simply.

When we landed at Rastenburg, the Colonel and his aide shook my hand again. "Have the plane refueled and stand by for instant take off," von Stauffenberg said gripping the brief case with its deadly contents under his arm. "We'll be leaving here in something of a hurry."

I watched anxiously as they drove away in a staff car sent over to take them to Hitler's headquarters concealed in a dense woods about ten miles away. I learned later that it took them a full half hour to reach the place because they had to pass through three different check points in three different rings of pillboxes, mine fields and electrified barbed-wire with which the jittery Hitler had surrounded his so-called field headquarters. Then they found themselves in an enclosure named *Sperrkreis I* in which the only buildings were the Fuehrerbunker the map room where conferences were held and a kennel for Hitler's dog Blondi.

After breakfast the two officers had a chance to talk for a few moments with General Fritz Fellgiebel who said he was ready to cut communications between Wolf's Lair and Berlin as soon as the bomb went off.

They then had a brief visit with General Keitel, Hitler's greatest toady among the German officer class and later accompanied him to the map room. Before they started von Stauffenberg had excused himself for a moment obstensibly to get his hat and belt but really to set the bomb by squeezing with a special tiny set of pliers the little bulb of acid that would eat through the wire and release the trigger to set off the charge that we hoped would kill Hitler.

At 12:45 they entered the map room where they would meet the Fuehrer and I was having the engines of the plane warmed up for our get away.

They found the conference already underway and the Colonel was led to Hitler by Keitel.

As he sat down he placed his briefcase on the floor beneath the huge eighteen by five foot map table about which Hitler and twenty officers were gathered. As soon as he had maneuvered the briefcase into a position near enough to Hitler for it to be fatal, the Colonel excused himself on the pretext that he had an important phone call coming through from his Berlin office. With the knowledge that the acid was eating away at the wire within the bomb he hurried from the room and the enclosure and picked up Haeften. No sooner were they in the car and moving than the building behind them seemed to erupt outward with tremendous force.

Return to the airport at once," the Colonel told his driver and the two men looked at each other with the certainty that Hitler was dead.

Getting out of the Wolf's Lair was even harder than getting in however. They were stopped at the first roadblock but bluffed their way past only to be held up at the second by an officer who refused to let them go because of the explosion he had heard. The Colonel picked up the phone in the guardhouse and called the Deputy Commander of the camp who happened to be one of our group. The Deputy Commander ordered the officer to pass the Colonel at once and within a few minutes they were roaring across the field toward my plane. The Colonel took time then to make a phone call to Berlin before coming aboard.

"Hitler is dead," von Stauffenberg said as I held the door open for them. "Let us get back to Berlin at once."

When we landed in Berlin the Colonel asked me to accompany them to General Staff Headquarters where the rest of our plan was to be put into effect. Operation Valkyrie was the name of the plan by which we intended to seize control of the government. The death of the tyrant should have been announced by now and the major Nazis in the city arrested but as we drove through the streets we could see that the plan hadn't been put into effect yet. There was no excitement and except for the piles of rubble from the recent British bombings the city seemed to be completely normal.

At four o'clock that afternoon we were at the office of General Fromm who while having knowledge of the plot had refused to take part in it until he was sure of its success.

"What's been happening here?" the Colonel demanded of General Olbricht.

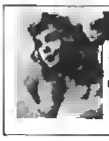
"We got your telephone call from the airport, but we haven't been able to get any cooperation from General Fromm or from von Helldurf at Police Headquarters."

"But why haven't you put Operation Valkyrie into effect?"

"We decided to wait for you."

"But why? You were supposed to act here as soon as you heard that Hitler was dead."

"But we are not sure that he is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dead," General Beck another member of group said. "Fromm insisted on calling Hitler's headquarters and he spoke to Keitel who said that Hitler is alive and not even seriously wounded."

Keitel is a liar! Hitler could not have survived that blast," von Stauffenberg said hotly.

"This is bad," von Haeften whispered to me. "If Keitel is still alive and Fullgiebel hasn't destroyed the telephone exchange, we may be in for trouble."

"I tell you Hitler is dead," the Colonel was repeating to a group of officers who had just come into the room. "The time to start Valkyrie is now. It should have been started long ago."

"All right," Olbricht said suddenly and began to give orders to clear the eight hundred telephone lines in the War Ministry Building for the message that would go out to the commanders in the field at the Russian and Normandy fronts telling them that the tyrant was dead and that the army was taking over.

Then we all strode into General Fromm's office where Colonel von Stauffenberg confronted him. "Hitler is dead. I placed the bomb under his table myself. Keitel has lied. He cannot possibly be alive."

"You are all under arrest," Fromm said. "The Fuehrer is alive, and you are traitors."

"You are the one who is under arrest," the Colonel said. "Von Haeften, Kray, help me."

Von Haeften and I moved forward and seized the struggling General Fromm and hustled him into a side room and locked him in.

"Thank God we got here before it was too late," von Stauffenberg said. "These fools have been standing around doing nothing while the Nazis have probably been making plans for a counter attack."

"The Guard Battalion hasn't even taken up its position before the Ministry," von Haeften said.

"No and that is the most important part of our plan. Without them, any squad of SS or Gestapo men can just walk in and take over." The Colonel took my arm. "Kray, I have to stay here to keep these people moving. Will you go to Major Remer of the Guard Battalion and tell him to come at once with his men to defend the Ministry?"

Within a few minutes I was in a car speeding toward the barracks of the Guard Battalion. I didn't have to go all the way because I found Major Remer and his men drawn up in front of the Propaganda Ministry.

(Continued on page 56)

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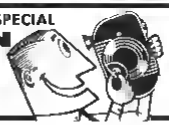

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When a beauty like hers, she'd be a genius anywhere he'd in the disco afro-mo as a chief editor. "But let's see more of her. And he turned the page—he'll to the hop-ass photographer U declared, of course. Sybil hopped aro hi anon wagon and zoomed down the freeway to Terry's pad. There he fou d her lounging around a the bungalow a the go den. Could he ake some hots of he nude? But of course she pro ed, flashing her dark eye s d peel ng down a her black pool as a ad

then peeling some more

Satisfied with his afternoon of shooting, he explained that the race pictures he took of her were coldly rejected by the chief editor

'So what?' Terry replied "I'd rather be loved for my femininity than my hot car tactics Besides, I hardly ever win in race competition"

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HITLER'S MURDER

(Continued from Page 49)

and the Major was talking to a Lieutenant Hagar.

Quickly I drew the Major aside. "Hitler is dead," I told him. "Valkyrie is in operation and you are ordered to the War Ministry at once."

"Not so fast," Lieutenant Hagar said moving toward us. "The Fuehrer is not dead — the radio has said nothing."

"It is being kept secret," I said. "You had better talk to Herr Reichminister Goebbels about this. Hagar said, "He is in charge in Berlin while Hitler and Goering are gone."

"Perhaps I should," Remer said undecidedly.

"Don't do it, Major, it's a trick," I said. The Major certainly was a fool if he even considered talking to the man who was first on the list of those we intended to arrest.

Remer ignored me and, ordering his men to wait, accompanied the Lieutenant into the Propaganda Ministry. Since there was nothing else I could do I trailed along after them.

"I have been informed that the Fuehrer is dead," Remer told Goebbels.

By whom?" the crippled little Propaganda Chief demanded.

"By this officer of the Luftwaffe," Remer said indicating me.

"Then the officer has been misinformed. The Fuehrer is very much alive. He was only slightly wounded."

Remer hesitated not saying anything, not knowing whom to believe. Goebbels picked up a telephone from his desk. "Here, call and find out for yourself. Say that I said you may talk to the Fuehrer. Do you know his voice?"

"Yes, I was decorated by him recently."

Remer picked up the phone and put the call through. After identifying himself he listened intently for a few moments, gave the customary "Heil, Hitler!" and hung up. Then he turned to look at me.

"That was the Fuehrer. He has placed me in command of the city and ordered me to take over the task of rounding up all the plotters."

For a moment I just stood there expecting him to denounce me to Goebbels. Then I realized that he was going on talking to the Propaganda Minister in order to give me a chance

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to escape and perhaps to warn the others

I withdrew from the room as Remer talked and left the building quickly and searched for my car but it was gone probably commandeered by some higher officer Desperately I tried to hire a cab and finally had to start walking as fast as I could toward the War Ministry By the time I got there everything was in a state of confusion

At the door were two officers with machine pistols Are you for the Fuehrer or against him? One of them demanded and I knew that a counter attack had taken place right within the Ministry

"I am General Wagner's personal pilot I said I have official business here Everybody is for the Fuehrer aren't they? What a silly question

"Go in—if you must, but be careful what you do" the man said

I sprinted up the stairs toward the office where I had left von Stauffenberg and the others It was only a twist of fate that saved me I came to a stop outside the office just as the Colonel General Olbricht Lieutenant von Haeften and two other officers were being escorted from the room by General Fromm and armed guards I stepped back against the wall as they filed past and although I am sure both von Stauffenberg and von Haeften saw me they didn't give me away by any sign of recognition A few minutes later I made my way out of the building and saw what was the end of the story for the brave men who had tried to kill Hitler Colonel von Stauffenberg on the orders of the cowardly Fromm was lined up with the others in the courtyard of the building and shot down by SS men

'Long live eternal Germany!' the Colonel shouted just before they pulled the triggers

I got away, and it was probably because I had only recently joined the conspiracy and was known only to a few of the plotters I wasn't arrested I was not among the thousands shot or strangled in prison cells or was I forced to commit suicide like General Beck von Kluge and even Rommel Instead I returned to my squadron from which I had been on detached duty and my commanding officer covered for me and I lived

Thus I was one of the very few who survived that ill-fated attempt to destroy Hitler which if it had succeeded might have spared Germany and the rest of the world from another year of useless suffering

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WHITE SLAVERY

(Continued from page 44)

that the ring of slave scouts works 24 hours round the clock sweeping up unwary unsuspecting candidates for transportation

"The question we face" she said in an exclusive statement to SPREE "is why the girls themselves don't sound the alarm—why they allow themselves to be hoodwinked across the Mediterranean Sea without putting up a resistance The kidnapers are as determined as they are clever They will prey on stranded girls and lend them money against written receipts so that there is an obligation Others will seek out some secret of the girl's private life or will force her to commit some act they can hold against her But when all such blackmail methods fail to work then kidnaping is used

Apparently the women who have been stolen from their homes are so intimidated with threats that they resourcefully resign themselves to their fate Although some of them get away by a stroke of luck they nevertheless refuse to talk for fear of reprisals Most of the girls are shipped overseas and the odds are strong that few of them will ever be heard from again Because they leave their country without proper documents it's virtually impossible for them to get out of an Arab state if they do manage to escape from a harem or a brothel

The League suspects that at least 80 per cent of the abducted teenagers end up in Saudi Arabia while the other 20 per cent are being transported into Yemen It seems that the fine hand of Saudi Arabia's monarch is suspected in some of the recent kidnapings though there exists as yet no proof that King Saud's harem of some 130 bedroom slaves is currently featuring Italian Greek or French dishes

To verify these and other findings I looked up my friend Emile Friedrich Chief Commissioner of the Brigade Mondaine This is his statement

"These procurers whom we call bidochards operate around railroad stations cafes and movie houses They also attend the many beauty contests held all over France and Italy where fresh victims for the slave market are discovered Last summer for instance the police intervened just in time in a contest at Nice to save four girls between the ages of 15 and 19 from the clutches of a Levantine millionaire"

Monsieur Friedrich revealed that not all the girls kidnaped so far have been French Greek or Italian In some instances refugees from Iron Curtain countries who have made their way from Yugoslavia Rumania and Hungary into the Mediterranean regions have been whisked away

Altogether Friedrich estimates at least 300 refugee maidens have been swept into harems In some cases the Slavic-haired females have been tourists from Switzerland or Germany who were plucked out of St Peter's Square in Rome or collared on a Riviera beach while still in their bikinis So far as this writer can determine no American sightseers as yet have been spirited away

Just what happens to these luckless adventuresses after they vanish?

Commissioner Friedrich reports that his agents in the Middle East have traced the usual itinerary several French damsels have followed They end up being thrown in with hundreds of African girls seized from the six main slave-producing areas of the black continent — Eritrea Abyssinia the Guinea Coast Northern Uganda Cameroons and Spanish Rio de Oro

Special commandos said Friedrich stage night raids on small villages and oases on the fringes of the Sahara Eligible girls are rounded up at gun point and are taken to large *kraals* in the sand dunes between Iguidi and El Djouf This is where the black slaves are joined by the new crop of white girls from Europe As soon as 200 head are assembled — black and white — a caravan is formed with the victims dressed in strips of the flimsiest fabrics or bedecked only in their birthday suits Handcuffed together in sets of four the naked and semi-naked victims are marched off at night under the surveillance of whip-wielding cameleers"

It takes six weeks for the caravan to reach a maximum-guarded camp between the Tibbou Desert and the Tibesti Mountains Described by the United Nations Commission on Human Rights as the center of the human slave trade this point is the secret rendezvous where dealers unite from everywhere and place their voluptuous commodities on auction to the highest bidders The U N estimates that nearly 40 000 young Negro women are bought and sold every year as so much flesh in this abominable meat store

The native creatures are peddled for as little as two pinches of gold ($100) and as high as $2 000 in certain instances But the new crop of light-skinned lasses from Europe lately has provided some special moments of spirited bidding—with final sales being concluded for tabs ranging anywhere from $2 500 to $3 000 Sometimes a European cutie will sell for a price lower than $2,500—but this occurs only when the buyers

know they are bidding against one of King Saud's boys who will wear a special identifying dagger in his belt It is not healthy in this region to outbid His Highness representative

From the Tibesti camp,' explained Commissioner Friedrich, "the beauties are shipped eastward on trucks Between Port Sodan and Massaua the human cargo is put on *dhows* and ferried across the Red Sea This is the most dangerous part of the entire journey for the kidnaped girls because British gunboats are constantly on the search for slave ships Whenever a patrol boat approaches the usual practice for a slaver's vessel is to get rid of any damaging evidence as swiftly as possible"

The U N reported an eye witness account of just what the Arab *dhaks* (slave traders) do in order not to be nabbed redhanded Here's the sworn testimony of British explorer J Lewis Carver

One day I had the opportunity to watch a group of 300 chained young girls being loaded on 11 *dhows* They were made to lie down on the bottom of the boats and covered with bags of Ethiopian coffee During the trip the *nachoda* —that's the flagman—spied an English patrol ship and sounded the alarm The captain instantly ordered the human freight dumped into the sea chains and all through a special hatch in the hull of the vessel The heavy shackles took care of the rest"

The slave boats that successfully worm through to a clandestine "harbor of reunion" north of Jedda—and they are in the majority let it be said—deliver most of the living cargo to several notorious training establishments where the young girls attend a unique sex school One of these schools perhaps the best in operation right now is run by an Armenian widow who calls herself Madame Lydia

Outwardly Madame Lydia makes her living as an importer of French perfumes, but the Paris police now know she is the tutor and coach for the harem novices put at her disposal Under her tutelage the attractive young females are taught how to be nutify themselves how to do the correct lascivious belly dances, how to caress and make love to a man and how to serve their future masters in every conceivable way Students who balk or squawk at learning their lessons in a hurry are affixed to a dungeon wall and made to feel the sting of Madame Lydia's dreaded hippopotamus hide whip of three thongs

In a longshot move to talk to this Madame Lydia a short while ago I made my way to Jedda a city of sprawling junk bazaars whose narrow streets are carpeted with dead rats and soaked with oozing sewage But apparently word had got around to her and her cohorts that I was a magazine journalist on the hunt for information about the traffic of human flesh So when she met me Madame Lydia—a thin lipped cadaverous-looking hag—refused to grant me a private audience or answer a single question But I fell into an unexpected piece of luck, nevertheless

Jedda is full of former slaves Many Arab women who worked in harems during the ripest years of their lives are put to pasture at the age of 40 (if they live that long) and you find them now begging in the streets of Jedda Though one of these women Kawahkeb Um Fahad I managed to learn something about the harems on the remote southeastern coast of the Arabian Peninsula Kawahkeb had spent most of her adult life in the Sultanate of Shaklir and Mokalla serving in slave-pens of one kind or another

As for herself Kawahkeb—a fairly good-looking tan-skinned woman who had apparently lost considerable weight in recent years—said she had been born in a mud hut in the slums of Mosul Iraq Early in her life she was sold by her father Hassan into slavery for a sum of money that was equivalent to $100 in America Being a harem slave, she reported quite frankly provided her with every comfort of life and made her better off materially than she had ever been before

Catering to her master's sexual whims did not require much effort, since she was one of 72 girls on call day or night Not long ago, however, she was set legally free when her most recent owner tired of her and no longer wanted to keep paying for her groceries, after he unsuccessfully put her up for auction

Kawahkeb swore to me that in the last harem she worked in two delectable Italian girls had been brought in not long ago Both of them had been abducted as recently as January—one from Reggio Calabria and the other from Palermo

During their first weeks the Latin beauties—Eleonora and Scilla—stirred up a beehive of trouble and woe for the master who tried to subdue them with punishments of various kinds without success Finally, when nothing seemed to work the wealthy sheik distributed long whips of elephant hide to 20 of the harem inmates

One evening they were ordered to beat the two rebels mercilessly And so it was done until Eleonora and Scilla fell to the floor unconscious After that the "visitors" from Sunny Italy changed their cloudy disposition

Kawahkeb informed me that as far as she knew, most of the modern harems in vast Arabia are furnished with all luxuries They are equipped with air-conditioners and all the latest electric gadgets Some harems even have television sets and tape recorders

Nearly all the girls wear daring Parismade toilettes with necklines plunging to the waist Their robes are usually covered with precious stones and gold ornamentations Cleanliness is maintained in tiled shower rooms As long as a harem prisoner caters to her provider whenever and however he decides she lives a comparatively easy life of peonage But step out of line, as Kawahkeb stoutly assured me and your lot can become a painfully miserable one, as witness the two abductees from The Boot

The new practice of kidnaping unsuspecting young girls in Europe and smuggling them across the monsoon-swept Red Sea to the Arabian side is a sordid one indeed And it has all the earmarks of becoming even more widespread if something is not done immediately It seems incredible that such an abysmal practice, which is against all moral standards can be nurtured in Europe by a greed in the Middle East as unyielding as the timeless shifting of the trackless Arabian sands 'Seek, and ye shall find" says the Islamic bible And that explains why the sand-flecked operators from the desert country are scouring the Mediterranean these days

As these words are being written United Press International reported that Morocco's police were searching for a 17-year-old German television beauty who disappeared from her Casablanca hotel Missing for three weeks before the alarm was spread the girl had been in Morocco to get the feel of the country and learn some of its folk dances in connection with a movie 'Zoleika," she was to shoot The police speculated that she had been kidnaped and taken off to sea to an unknown destination in the Middle East

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ED SWITCH-MATE, RAW SENSUALITY WON OUT!

DOUBLE DATE

Jim Frazer held a bottle of vodka in his left hand, Rhonda Parker's ample breast with his right, and gripped the steering wheel of his Mercedes-Benz with his knees. In the back seat Barry Huntington felt his fiancée, Janet Morrison, cling fearfully to him as the car sped up the twisting mountain road.

"Make him stop, Barry!" she whispered tensely. "He's going to kill us all!"

Even Barry, gazing out the window through an alcoholic haze, could see that they were coming dangerously near the edge of the steep cliff on the curves. "Hey, how's about slowing down a little, Jim?" he called. "It'd be very frustrating if we had to start all over again from the bottom, after getting this far."

Jim raised his head from kissing Rhonda, laughed, and passed the bottle back to Barry. "Don't be such a worry-wart, old Buddy," he said. "Have a drink and leave the driving to old Safety-first Frazer. This crate's been up here so many times she could make the trip by herself."

"Well, I know that she's going to be making it without me, if you don't slow down," said Janet.

Rhonda turned around and gave them a reassuring smile. "Don't worry, honey," she said. "Jim is a little reckless but he's really a good driver. You're safe in his hands."

"Yeah," said Jim, reaching under her skirt and gripping a shapely thigh. "And that's just where I like to have girls, in my hands." Rhonda laughed and buried her face in his neck.

Barry looked out at the trees and boulders flashing by in the bright moonlight. That about sums up Jim, he thought. Fast cars, fast women and a get-there-at-any-price attitude with everything he did. Sobering up a little, he was almost sorry that he had agreed to Jim's proposal of a double date this evening. They both worked for one of the largest advertising companies in Los Angeles, Barry was an artist, and Jim was the firm's hottest space salesman. It was the first time that he had been out socially with him, and he knew that Janet was unaccustomed to such crude and free-wheeling behavior.

He tightened his arm around her and stroked her soft, auburn hair. She was an elementary school teacher, a small, serious girl, attractive but not the type to deliberately

(Continued on next page)

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DOUBLE DATE

(Continued from Page 60)

call attention to herself. He was much like that himself. He smiled. They were certainly a contrast to Jim Frazer and the voluptuous sexpots that he dated, among which Rhonda was an outstanding example. She was a starlet, or, as she insisted on being called, an actress, at some studio in Hollywood. Barry had never seen her act, but, judging by the wanton way that she behaved with Jim, she had little need of dramatic ability to achieve success.

"There she is!" cried Jim, braking abruptly for a sharp curve. Barry snapped out of his reverie and looked down into the valley at the shimmering waters of Lake Arrowhead. Jim owned a cabin there and, after sweltering through the heat and smog of mid-summer Los Angeles for half of the evening, had suggested that they drive up to it. Barry had been just drunk enough to agree with enthusiasm. But now he wondered if it was such a good idea.

"Jim," he said. "Maybe we ought to skip this little caper until someday when we have more time. After all, it's nearly midnight, you know, and tomorrow's a working day."

"Plenty of time, old Buddy," Jim said, racing down the hillside toward the water. "You got nothing else to do but sleep anyway, and you'll get plenty of that when you're dead."

Before he could offer further protest Jim brought the car to a screeching halt before a small redwood cottage on the lakeside and leaped out with a flourish. "Lafayette, we are here!" he cried, draining the vodka bottle of the last of its contents. "Hell, empty already. Carelessly he flipped the bottle over his shoulder. "No bother. Plenty more in the shack. This way, children."

"Thank God we made it alive," said Janet as they all got out of the car and followed him into the cabin. "Barry, I am not going to ride back down with that maniac. I'll walk first."

"Relax, darling," Barry said soothingly. "I'll make him let me drive us back."

Jim got the door unlocked and the light turned on and ushered them in to the cabin's small living-kitchen dining room.

"Oh, what a darling little place!" cried Rhonda, running to bounce on the daybed by the window.

"All the comforts of home," said Jim. "Sleeps four. Eight if you're good friends. Everybody have a seat while I see if I can scare up some martinis." He walked to the refrigerator behind the bar. Rhonda went to the hi-fi in the corner and began selecting records from the rack.

Barry could tell from the appraising glances Janet was giving the room that she admired Jim's taste in interior decorating. He sat down in an armchair and pulled her onto his lap and kissed her.

"We shouldn't have come," she said. "Do you realize what time it will be when we get home?"

"Yeah, well, we'll just have a drink and then start back. Sure is a nice place, though. Maybe he'll invite us up again." Jim returned with a tray full of drinks and pressed one into Janet's hand despite her insistence

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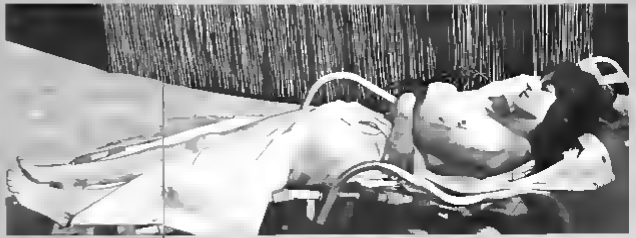

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DOUBLE DATE

(Continued from Page 62)

that she had had enough. Rhonda spun a hot jazz record onto the turntable and carried her drink over to the back door. "Hey, kids," she called, "Come out here and dig this crazy beer scene."

Jim laughed and they all followed her outside. The scene that greeted them was so beautiful that for a few moments they were all struck silent by it. The lake was as calm as a pane of glass and the full moon, directly above them, embellished it with a silvery sheen. The air was so clear that they could make out trees and houses on the opposite shore. Tiny wavelets lapped at the beach and far out near the middle a fish jumped, his tail slapping the water with a sharp report. "Its so quiet you'd think that there wasn't another person on earth," said Janet, wonderingly.

Rhonda strolled languidly down the short boat dock that jutted out over the water. Jim looked at her undulating backside and licked his lips. "Hey, I've got a real billboard idea," he said, slipping into office jargon. "The water's warm. Let's all go in for a swim."

"But we haven't any suits,' said Rhonda.

What's the matter, you chicken?" he leered at her.

She grinned challengingly at him and reached back to unzip her dress. Jim walked toward her, unbuttoning his sportshirt. "Come on, kids," he called back to Barry and Janet. "Last one in is a junior executive."

Barry looked down at Janet. Her face was turning bright pink. "I think we'll sit this one out," he said, turning her around and pressing her face to his chest.

"All right, be a couple of stuffy old party-poopers," Jim said. "You don't know what you're missing."

Barry was about to lead Janet back into the cabin when Jim bent down to remove his shoes, giving him an unobstructed view of Rhonda. She had laid her dress and slip aside and was rolling down her hose. She wore no panties and her white bra and garter belt stood out in bold relief against her tanned skin. Her body was so beautiful, her movements so sensual, that Barry could only stare at her entranced, momentarily forgetting all about Janet. With no display of modesty whatsoever she slipped

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out of the remaining garments and brazenly blew him a kiss. Then she stepped to the end of the pier and dived into the water. Jim hurried out of the last of his clothes and followed her. Their heads bobbed up together and they called jeeringly at Barry and Janet. Then they began to splash about like two happy children.

Barry and Janet went back into the cabin. He stood staring moodily out the window while she went to the record player and put on another disk. She returned to him and touched him gently on the cheek. He did not look at her. "I'm sorry, darling," she said.

"What for?" he asked.

"For not being more like Rhonda. I saw the way you were looking at her. He tried to protest but she laid a finger across his lips. "Its all right. I understand. She is very beautiful and full of life. It's easy to see how any man would be impressed by her."

He put his arms around her. "Don't be silly. I wouldn't trade you for a dozen like her. Do you think that I fell in love with you just because I wanted to go swimming nude with you?"

She cuddled against him. "It's not that I'm prudish. I admire her for having the courage to do things like that. But, well, I just wasn't brought up that way."

"And I wouldn't have loved you if you had been. Forget it. We'll have plenty of time for that when we're married."

She said in a small voice, unable to look up at him, "I think I could do it if we were alone. I just got frightened with them around."

He felt his pulse quicken. "You mean it?"

She nodded. "Come on!" he said, a note of urgency in his voice. He lead her outside and a few hundred yards down the road. They found a small cove flanked with pines. He kissed her passionately and quickly began to undress. "Don't look at me," she said, "Until I'm finished. And promise you won't be disappointed. My figure isn't half as good as Rhonda's."

He turned his back to her and laughed. "You could never disappoint me."

Finally, long after he had shed his clothing and was burning with impatience, she said softly, "You can turn around now." He turned slowly and felt his breath catch in his throat as he beheld her. He had painted many nudes in art school but he knew without a doubt that her body was the most perfect figure he had ever seen. Rhonda's was sexier, yes. But it was the popularized, exaggerated concept of sexiness, long-legged, big-busted, heavy hipped and shaking loosely all over like jelly. Janet's flesh was firm and delicately molded along the classical lines of an ancient Greek statue. He wondered that he had never considered her beauty from an artistic point of view before. He must have been too much in love with her to notice. He decided to paint her when they returned to the city. It was more than a decision, it was an urgent necessity that every artistic fiber in his being called out for.

She began to fidget under his hungry gaze. "We'd better go into the water," she said. He nodded and walked to her. They clasped hands and walked together into the cool, quicksilver-like liquid. When they were in chest-deep he took her in his arms and kissed her gently. Then they turned and swam side by side far out into the lake. There they rolled over on their backs and floated looking up at the clear, gluwing sky. "It's as though we were far out in space," she said. "Completely detached, free a million miles from anything else."

"We are," he said, letting an arm drift around her shoulders. "Nothing else exists when we're together."

They swam slowly back to the beach and when they walked out of the water she left the last of her fear and inhibitions behind. He kissed her with the special kind of passion and self-confidence that only absolute ownership can give a man. He picked her up sleek and dripping, and carried her into the shadow of the pines, unmindfull of the sharp gravel beneath the tender soles of his bare feet. There on a bed of soft ferns they again drifted aloof and superior in their own private segment of eternity. When her soft cries of pain turned to low, ecstatic moaning he knew that he would never envy Jim Frazer and his kind again.

Afterwards they lay in each other's arms for a long time, unaware that the night had turned colder and puckered their drying skins with countless tiny bumps. "I'm glad we waited till now," he said.

"Yes," she said. "Everything was so perfect."

Suddenly the mood was shattered by an icy deluge of water cascading over them. As they thrashed about, sputtering and shivering, he heard Rhonda's throaty laugh and Jim's hardy bellow.

"Honeymoon's over, lovebirds. It's drinking time again. Rise and shine."

Barry leaped to his feet, wanting

(Continued on Page 73)

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(Continued from Page 71)

more than anything else at that moment to kill Jim Frazer But he knew that such a desire was unjustified Jim was only being true to his own nature He could not be blamed for that Barry only pitied him because he would never know the true meaning of the male-female relationship as he and Janet had

After a few crudely insinuating remarks Jim and Rhonda left them to dress in private "How long do you think they were there?" Janet asked

I don't know I'm sure they didn't see us making love "

She shuddered "I hope not

He kissed her tenderly "It doesn't matter Nothing could spoil it"

They returned to the cabin to find Jim and Rhonda dancing the Twist, the record player blaring so loud that its echo bounced back from the opposite shore of the lake Jim winked knowingly at them, slapped Barry on the back and forced drinks into their hands When Barry suggested it was time they returned to the city, he insisted that they stay long enough to watch Rhonda demonstrate a new dance routine that she was preparing for a nightclub act

They all settled back with fresh drinks and Rhonda turned the music and lights low Then she began to perform a series of slow sensual movements that appeared more sexually suggestive to Barry than any regular bump and grind number that he had ever seen

To his surprise, he became so absorbed in the dance that he didn't notice the time slipping away or Jim constantly re-filling his and Janet's glasses When at last he was able to tear his eyes away from Rhonda his head was spinning and Janet looked as drugged as he felt Jim eased down beside him and started speaking in a low hoarse voice It was several moments before Barry realized that he was extolling Rhonda's virtues as a bed partner "What are you talking about?" he said trying to hide his excitement with feigned anger "I already got a girl"

"Yeah" Jim said coaxingly "But one's not enough old Buddy A guy needs variety or else he gets stale"

Rhonda was directly before Barry now swaying seductively, her full-blown body straining at the thin fabric of her dress Barry saw that she had not bothered to put on her underclothing after the swim He licked his lips and tried to control his breathing His hands ached to grasp those soft, quivering breasts

"Just say the word, old Buddy," Jim whispered "Just one little word and it's a deal

With a tortured cry half triumph half surrender, Barry rose up and dragged the unresisting Rhonda to the day bed He did not notice Jim lead Janet, stumbling and bleary-eyed, into the small bedroom

He had never dreamed that there could be such strength and tenacity in a woman's limbs, such urgency Rhonda was everything that Janet was not—active violent, impetuous He could never have loved her but he was grateful for the experience she gave him and the unknown parts of himself that he discovered through it When he finally lay exhausted beside her he thought of the fun that he and Janet would have experimenting with the activities that Rhonda had acquainted him with

The though of Janet brought him bolt upright in a cold sweat Where was she? Where was Jim? He leaped from the bed and dashed to the bedroom door As he grasped the door knob he froze, a sick, twisting sensation in the pit of his stomach Through the door he heard Jim's voice and Janet, laughing

Barry drove the Mercedes back down the mountain Jim and Rhonda sprawled in the back seat sleeping like two well-fed animals Janet sat beside him staring straight ahead He tried to speak several times, but nothing came out As they passed through San Bernardino and swung onto the freeway he wondered what would happen if they tried to ignore this night and go ahead with the wedding as planned How long would it take the acid of this memory to eat away their love and self respect and leave them lashing at each other in barren bitterness? How soon would Janet prove herself incapable of satisfying the strange new appetites that Rhonda had awakened within him? And what about the appetites that Jim must have awakened in her? How many nights would their love making be haunted by the fear of calling out, at the height of their passion, the name Jim or Rhonda? More than at any other time in his life he wished that he was a healthy, brainless animal like Jim Frazer

When Janet got out of the car at her apartment house he knew that he would never see her again

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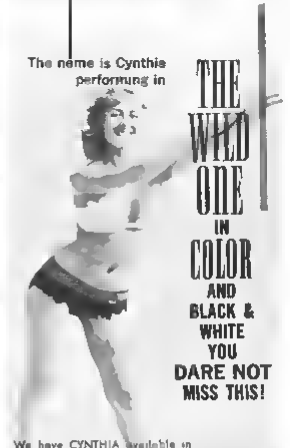

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